

Young Death

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Category: Warriors
Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Tragedy
Language: English
Characters: OC
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-04-09 00:08:10
Updated: 2016-04-09 00:08:10
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:33:20
Rating: M
Chapters: 1
Words: 200
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: A challenge for BunnyClan.

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I coughed. I'd been sick for so long... My mother's worried face peered over me. "Oh, Lionkit, you'll be okay." Because I was such a good kit, I nodded and smiled. I would be strong, like a lion.

I sank into my nest, followed by another wheezing cough. Cold, Wet moss lay in front of me. My tongue lapped at the moss, but it did little to refresh me. The den was so warm, it was like the sun was above us. But, I would be strong, like my namesake.

Mother curled up in her nest sadly. She absent-mindedly groomed her striped coat while tears trickled down her face. I sickened me to see her like this. I had to be strong for her.

Then, a cat appeared. They looked like they're pelt was full of stars. I instantly knew. "No, No!" I yowled. "I can't leave her! Not my Mother!" I started sobbing. My chest started to ache. I felt a deafening beating in my heart. I mewed in pain. Then, it stopped. Everything faded, then reappeared as a starry forest. The last words I heard were,

"Be strong, my little lion."

End
file.